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AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY EDWARD

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AUTUMN LEAVES.

A TRIBUTE

TO MY DAUGHTERS MAMIE AND SALLIE.

BY

J. DEHAVEN WHITE, M. D., A. M.,

AUTHOR OF MARY BLAIN AND HAZEL DELL, AND OTHER POEMS.

Oh God, to think upon a child
That has no childish days,
No hours of careless frolic wild,
No words of prayer or praise.

COTTON.

PHILADELPHIA:

KING & BAIRD, PRINTERS, 607 SANSON STREET.

1873.

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MAJ. GEN. GEORGE G. MEADE.*

Fellow-hero, life is over,
 Basking in eternal bliss,
Looking down from realms of glory,
 On a sinful world like this.
You have fought the desperate battles,
 In the earthly fields of strife;
You have fought, and you have conquered,
 And now enjoy eternal life.
Fellow-hero, give us courage,
 We have battles yet to win,
Many struggles that confront us,
 Both of sorrow and of sin.
Fellow-hero, hear our prayers,
 From the sacred realms above;
Teach us to forgive assailers,
 And to join our hearts in love.
We are earthly; you are heavenly;
 Dwelling with the just and true;
Teach us to forgive our neighbors,
 Then we'll all be heroes too.

* Published at the time of his death.

DEPTHS OF THE SOUL.

DEDICATED TO MRS. LOUISE E. FISHER.

We look to the east for the first rays of light,
We look to the west for the clouds of the night,
We look to the stars in the blue vault of heaven,
And catch their bright rays thro' the rift clouds at even.

We look to the soul for companions in love,
As we look to stars in their glory above;
We look to the bower for flow'rts all green,
When their hues and their fragrance give life to the scene.

We look to the mind all brilliant whole,
To catch the deep thoughts from the depths of the soul;
We look to the heart, and for sympathy there,
We bow in submission, devotion, and prayer.

THE RIVULET.

DEDICATED TO MAMIE E. WHITE.

Tinkle, tinkle, down the hill,
Tinkle, tinkle, rivulet ;
Thy dulcet and thy silvery tones,
I never, never, can forget.

Thy murmurs in my early years,
Spoke of pleasures yet to come ;
Pleasures that too soon were lost,
When I left my native home.

Like the rivulet, I ever sung,
Adown the gentle slope of life ;
I never dream't of rocks below,
Where the waters mingle in their strife.

Oh! Can it be, that waters pure,
Starting from the topmost hill ;
Ere they reach the plains below,
Should lose the echo of the hill.

MISS ALICE MANN.*

DEDICATED TO HER FATHER, THE HON. W. B. MANN.

We call, but she cannot come,
The deep sleeper.

We call, but she cannot come,
Angels keep her.

We call, but she cannot come,
Dear loved child.

We call, but she cannot come,
Her father's wild.

We call, but she cannot come,
Back to earth.

We call, but she cannot come,
All is dearth.

We call, but she cannot come,
The deep sleeper.

We call, but she cannot come,
Angels keep her.

* Published at the time of her death.

GENIUS.

DEDICATED TO MARCUS M. STEPPACHER.*

Genius! electric spark
From God on high.
Genius! electric spark
That cannot die.
Genius! electric spark;
A vital breath.
Genius! electric spark,
It has no death.
Genius! electric spark
Forever flying.
Genius! electric spark,
Is never dying.
Genius! electric spark,
It knows no sod.
Genius! electric spark
Go! back to God.

* Endowed with the most marked and decided genius.
Died at the early age of 13.

NO BACKWARD PATH.

DEDICATED TO _____

No backward path ;

No retracing.

No backward path ;

No erasing.

No backward path ;

No returning.

No backward path,

But deep yearning.

No backward path,

There's no delaying.

No backward path,

There is no staying.

No backward path,

Forever flying.

No backward path,

We are dying.

No backward path,

We must part.

No backward path,

It breaks my heart.

KATIE IN HEAVEN.*

Katie I'm lonely,
I'm sick at heart ;
No one to cheer me,
Or take my part.
Desolate am I,
A withered leaf
On a blighted stem,
The deepest grief.
I can't wish you back
To this cold earth ;
I can't wish you back,
For all its worth.
Stay with the angels,
Time is apace ;
Stay with the angels,
Keep me a place.

* My deceased daughter.

REPLY TO KATIE IN HEAVEN.

BY MISS H. HELEN NUNEZ.

Katie in Heaven is sweet as a bird,
When its low music at twilight is heard;
Softly it steals through the sentient heart,
Waking the depths in its shadiest part.

“Katie in Heaven,” dost hear the lone voice,
Calling its darling—its heart’s vanished choice?
Full of the love that is boundless and free,
Reaching from earth up to heaven and thee.

Yet with the love so unselfish and pure,
Bidding thee rest with the angels secure;
Then when the journey of life shall be o’er,
Welcome him home to Elysian shore.

Hymn of the heart, “Katie in Heaven,”
Volumes of faith in the sweet words are given;
Hope like a fountain outflows with the sound,
Wakening echoes responsive around.

THE LEAFLET OF AUTUMN.

TO THE MISSES FISHER—LOUISE AND MAMIE. 8 AND 11 YEARS OLD.

If the leaflet of Autumn could tell by decay,
What the next year would bring in Summer's bright day;
How sweet it would be if each hope of the heart,
Could return when it dies and new pleasure impart.
Then all the sad lessons of life we could bear,
And all our lost hopes would not end in despair;
Yet such are life's sorrows and dreamings beguile,
We cannot turn sorrow to a bright sunny smile.
Then learn by the leaflet and flow'ret's decay,
There are bright sunny hours beyond sorrow's dark day.
Are we less than the leaf in its dark wintry bed?
No, we'll all rise immortal when leaflets are dead.

THE ROSES.

DEDICATED TO SALLIE DEHAVEN WHITE.

The roses came out in their beautiful hues,
All bathed with the damp and light falling dew;
Prepared for the morrow when roseate ray,
Shall wake their sweet odors to gladden the day.

So when you lie down on your pillow to rest,
And the sun has gone down in the gold of the west;
May you, like the rose, on each coming morrow,
Prepare to relieve some heart-ache or sorrow.

DEW ON THE FLOWERS.

DEDICATED TO MRS. CHARLES SHARPE.

It is said that the leaves of Autumn decay,
And the cold chilly winds waft them away;
This seems very sad when we think that the bower,
Must part with its leaves and the sweet-scented flower.

It is true that the leaves must all pass away,
And leave us alone in Autumn's bright day;
But where are the odors the flowers impart?
Must they die like the hopes that die in the heart?

No! they linger around the sweet-scented bower,
And bring back the charm of the leaflet and flower;
So when death has removed our dear ones away,
And their bodies are laid in the grave to decay,
May not their sweet spirits come back to us too,
Like the odors of flowers when wet with the dew?

SUNSHINE.

Clouds have missions to fulfil,
So has every doubt in life ;
We must not falter, tho' the will,
Seems to slacken in the strife.

Onward, upward, we must press,
Tho' the burden's hard to bear ;
Many clouds are dark and dreary,
Yet they dissipate in air.

So, many seeming disappointments,
Benumb the soul and will ;
Yet like the clouds, they fade in air,
And leave us in the sunshine still.

THE RAINBOW.

Some tire of the world as all was despair,
No sunlight of hope, nor fragrance in air;
Desolate and lonely, piningly they tread,
As if every green leaf of Summer were dead.
Storms may arise in Summer's bright day,
And fill for awhile the heart with dismay.
Oh! stay, don't think that the dark gathering cloud,
Is a signal of crape, the coffin, and shroud;
Earth's cares and sorrows will pass from the heart,
And each one to each, new pleasures impart.
God placed His bow on the blackening cloud,
To gild with its ray, the coffin and shroud.

THE COLD WORLD.

I know 'tis said the world is cold,
And heeds not sorrow's moan ;
I cannot think the charge is true,
When thinking of my own.

I cannot call to mind a sorrow,
When the heart would seek relief :
But some one sympathized with me,
And shared with me my grief.

THE HEART.

DEDICATED TO E. J. GRIFFITHS.

Tho' Autumn's leaves are falling fast,
Yet the heart does not grow still;
God has made our lives to linger,
Tho' the Autumn winds are chill.
Leaves of Autumn fall and wither,
Crumble in the silent dust;
But the heart will live forever,
And be numbered with the just.

Leaves of Autumn shed their lustre,
Bright as any earthly thing;
Leaves must fade with every Autumn,
Tho' they bloom with every Spring;
But when the heart has ceased its aching,
And gathered to its earthly clod;
It lives in an eternal Spring,
In the bosom of its God.

REPLY TO THE HEART.

BY MISS H. HELEN NUNEZ.

Your lines on "The Heart" are welcome indeed,
They come in the season of sorrow and need;
When storms that besieged and robbed me of rest,
Still rage in the heart that burns in my breast.
They come with the promise of sunshine and Spring:
They come like a bird with light on its wing;
They come when my spirit is fainting and dark;
They come like the dove of old to the ark.
They're breathing of peace and hope from afar,
Of rest that succeeds life's turmoil and war;
Of happy green fields that stretch far away,
Beyond crumbling leaves and Autumn's decay.
"The Heart!" what a world of changes within?
What memories dim of things that have been?
What memories clear of visions that rise,
And gaze from its depths with vanished ones eyes?
What shadows and lights commingle and gleam?
What things that are real, with things that but seem?
Then patience, oh, heart! till the seeming take flight,
And the real expands in eternity's light.

THIS WITHERING CLAY.

DEDICATED TO MRS. I———N.

How long will this withering clay remain
Chafing, waiting its final doom?
To hearts that bleed from sorrow oppressed,
The blow can never come too soon.

Yet why should one with impatient haste,
Not wisely wait the coming morrow;
Clouds that gather in awe so thick and dark,
May not at last be clouds of sorrow.

'Tis human weakness to give way,
When on its own poor self relying;
Appeal to Him whom alone can give
A strength, a hope, a faith undying.

AUTUMN.

DEDICATED TO MISS MARY BEALE.

This is Autumn, all the harvest's gathered in,
And the leaves are growing brown ;
The western sky in golden colors shine,
As the lingering sun goes down.

This is Autumn, and the pure and ripened mind,
Flings its thrilling thoughts around ;
All matured as are the mellow Autumn fruits,
Which winds have cast upon the ground.

This is Autumn, to the fruit tree and the flower,
The green Summer's golden end ;
Then can we not too, when young life is over,
Some pure deeds and fruits commend ?

Life is but a season, Spring and Summer,
Let not heart or mind be mute ;
But vie with nature in its Autumn harvest,
To bring some ripe and golden fruit.

CHILD OF THE MOUNTAIN.

DEDICATED TO MISS JENNIE A. MARSH, 10 YEARS OLD, OF SCHOOLEY'S
MOUNTAIN, NEW JERSEY.

Child of the mountain,
Of sunlight and air.
Child of the mountain,
So bright and so fair.
Child of the mountain,
Oh ! what can you tell
Of the flowers that grow
In depths of the dell?
Child of the mountain,
Do tell me a tale .
Of flowers that bloom
In valley and dale?
Dear sir, I've no tale
That you do not know ;
Our valleys are green
'Neath mountains of snow.
Contentment, I know
Deep pleasure will bring,
With Winter's deep snow,
Or flowers of the Spring.

GOING TO BED.

DEDICATED TO SYBILL MOYER YEAGER, 7 YEARS OLD, ON BEING SENT
TO BED WHILE A PARTY WERE ENJOYING THEMSELVES.

Peace go with you gentle darling,
To your own and quiet bed ;
God will guard you in your slumber,
Then you have no fears to dread.
Gentle darling, hear my prayer :
As long as life shall last with me ;
In the depths of joy or sorrow,
I shall ever think of thee.
Gentle darling, you have wakened
Thoughts that fill my very soul ;
Thoughts that linger in my brain,
But my pen cannot control.
Like the mists in early morning,
Ere the day has quite begun ;
May every care from thee depart,
Like the mist in noonday's sun.
Gentle darling, pray for me,
Your little heart is just and true ;
The prayer will reach eternal God,
When it comes from such as you.

SHORT PIECES.

TO MISS SUE W. GILLAM, 7 YEARS OLD, IN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION,
WHY I WROTE MY PIECES SO SHORT.

I have no time to deal with throes
That strive with lingering verse or prose ;
But one strong bound the thrilling dart,
As deadly arrows reach the heart.
Life's too short by fate's decree,
To spare me hours that I am free.
So I must quickly catch the thought,
As every mental feeling's wrought ;
Must catch it quick or it is gone,
The spring will dry from which it's drawn,
And leave me dry as barren sand,
With pencil trembling in my hand ;
So do not blame, I've no retort,
If every line is made too short.

IN MEMORY OF MY LATE DAUGHTER
KATIE.

DEDICATED TO MISS LIZZIE STEEL, 7 YEARS OLD.

Katie, long years have sped,
It seems but yesterday
You clasped your little hands
Beside your bed to pray.
I heard thy lisping tongue
In sweetest accents say,
"Oh ! give me health, oh God !
On each returning day.
Thy will be done, oh ! Father,
Teach me how to pray.
My little hands are pale,
Cold sweats are on my brow,
Is this my early doom,
Is death upon me now ?
Oh ! God, in Thee I trust,
My soul I yield to Thee,
A simple child can ask no more
Than Thou shalt pity me."

THE MIDNIGHT LAMP.

DEDICATED TO MISS MARY E. RUDOLPH.

Glimmer, glimmer, midnight lamp,
Like the gleams of noonday's sun;
I love thy rays, oh! flickering light,
Better than when the night begun.
Hasten on thou failing lamp,
Soon thy oil will cease to flow;
Soon we'll all be left in night,
In the darkness here below.
The promise is to trim our lamps,
In the depths of midnight's hour;
Trim our lamps and keep them clean,
Then we're freed from Satan's power.

